THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXVII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1846. WHOLE NO. 1322.

Original Poem.

THE PLAGUE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY DAVID L. HOATH.

A awful silence in the City reigns,
Where one was heard the busy hum of life—
Deserted streets and deserted lanes,
Which echoed once with sounds of joy and strife.
An all that meet the sight are hearses—
The eye doth wander with enquiring gaze—
Dark sentinel gives that the away
To meet their maker ends the sun's bright rays.

With solemn pace each one moves on,
To keep nothing friend in by his side
To wipe the gathering death-dew from his brow,
And close the eyes of the last kind
From looking fate to rain Destiny.
In vain he turns his head while one is still
One passing word to cause his agony—
All must wait home by the Destroyer—Pestilence.

As sacred hands endeared to the dead,
To misguide words of any spoken—
Long gone are fog in such, and to those
Are fill'd with those whose threads of life are twisted
In vain hope fires the late warning knell,
In vain their sounding knocks in prayer low,
Instructions to humanity is wicked—
The City is a mighty grave yard now!

Aone! fear City, fallen as by Pride—
The favour of those who avoid the same sin;
Are undone—Destruction—Ruin—
Wish Vice and Ignorance—Oh listed Woe
By pestilential breath hanged on thy crime.
To all that gloried in heights in the moon—
Away from the Earth, and the Sun—
Come not the Souls that gave to the cannon—

In the year 1846 the terrible scourge ravaged the city of London. The cases are matters we immediately after the cessation of the pestilence.

An adieu of plague spot, suggested upon those in fond

Englishe Fete

Our Traveller.

WAYSIDE SKETCHES
Of the Old World.

CONCLUDING NUMBER.

NOTES OF THE VOYAGE HOME. THE WISHING CAP OF MY TRAVELS.

May of Iver.

Our blessed week have we already been tossed about in the Atlantic, without holding a safety to Londres, and I sat down for the first time to record our progress. I wisely my arm as well as could and the waves tossing around the trifles, and the waves tossing around the trifles, at the waist, near at hand, make sleeping impossible. I steadily write the entire opposite have just closed on coming hymn, and several of the passengers have fallen their cards and dashed to their staterooms, and are calling off to their berths. It has been a dull morning thus far, but as the wind is not against us, we do not complain. We have a fine ship (the "Victoria," a most excellent ship) and agreeable passengers. Time passes tranquilly, and we are not annoyed. The voyage long enough to be, not nearly be reduced, and parties really are, when it will bring me back to country and home.

We slid out of St. Katherine's Docks at noon, one early a rosy age, and having hitched a couple of merchantmen in our wake, moved down the river. Thames, in mist and drizzling rain, passed in one dreary, heavy landscape, and the steamers we left London. Then came tide-mark with the lamps, and hilly parts resting behind—Woolwich with its Government buildings, and the Arsenal, and the Academy, the embedding fond, we cast another at sunset before Gravesend. Here, at some formalities of the Custom House, which seemed to place me again among the valleys of Russia, for a time. The remembrance of the Russian frontier, and the strange looks of green brighter and more beautiful, the farther the distance from which I look back on it.

Sunday, 3d.—I hasten to make record of the glorious wind which has sprung up since this morning, and is now driving us along at the rate of eleven knots an hour. We are in the Channel, with a very fair breath of wind, sighed along the blue and undulating water, on that our motion was scarcely perceptible. Not so the ship, which, as she rose and sank steadily and gradually, like the progress of some great moral reformation, till the ship began to pitch and roll in earnest. Towards evening it increased rapidly, every sail was bent to the full, but the sea was so smooth that we hardly felt the motion. The vessel parted the brine with a kind of ocean's glide, the sails and gave us which it is impossible to describe. There is a gentle heave from side to side, and a steadiness the shores of more common around our track, shone with a white phosphorescent light, which continued visible for a long time. The water rushing and roaring under the stern, as I sat now at sea during table, and every pool of the ship is creaking with the motion of the vessel, the water we have a most delightful sensation.

Monday, 4th.—Still the Banks and the o'ebergs behind us this morning, and have been all day dashing westward under a cloudless sky, with the cold stream in the wind to have spread. When I went on deck after breakfast, we were enveloped in a dense fog, and the sun which had been so outward was of a piercing coldness. A sharp look-out was kept on the bow, but as we could not see more than three or four hundred yards, it might have been dreary one had we met one of the Arctic squadron. But at noon it cleared away again, and the bank of fog was visible a long time astern piled along the land, the American atmosphere, there will be bright skies and golden sunsets to enliven the way.

Tuesday, 5th.—I wished in my last that night was very near forsaking us altogether to-day. We have much therefore on little progress that Sandy Hook is still about sixty-five miles distant. It has been nearly a calm all the afternoon but about two hours ago a light breeze sprung up, which if it lasts, will bring us by morning within sight of land. We are now in the midst of the mackerel fishery on our fleet. Every small schooners were running around us this afternoon. Long Island line north, about thirty miles distant, but of course invisible in this dull weather; yet it is always most likely for the last time in this confined and odoriferous room, longing to look on the beloved American shore, when I rise in the morning.

June 1. Twelve miles from Sandy Hook.—Fog, dense and impenetrable, has settled down around us like an atmosphere of wool. The only incident to break the literal monotony of the day was the arrival of a pilot-boat, which, after a long chase, succeeded in the account of the late battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma. This morning we were beyond the reach of the pilot-boats, and the fog was so thick that we could not see a hundred yards. Long Island—hollow and faint like the murmur of a shell. The afternoon, when the mist was lifted a little we saw the line of coast for a considerable distance, but land was invisible, though I strained my eyes for hours together to catch a glimpse of it. The sea is like a sheet of glass, and the Clipping sails swing in slowly around, walking our way at the rate of a mile an hour. Every familiar sound ringing their old familiar songs a mid-ships, and their voices blend beautifully together in the still air. The "Old Hundred" and several reminiscences of the Spirit of Impatience. Yet perhaps it is better to lay a day or two longer, and glide up the river with the tide, than to be driven by the wind, which would have blown a perfect gale.

Wednesday, 6th.—Another day of fog, and no land in sight. Now, I longed to be on shore to-day. The weather is delightful, and the sea is like a mill-pond. I am sick of the ship and look out over the tranquil ocean—bored and blue like the cloudless sky above it. The whole voyage thus far has been a dull, monotonous affair, and I am sick of it. Light, other vessels, far or near, are sleeping on the slightly heaving plain. The sun rises with which we are becalmed, and the sun sets with which we are becalmed, and I am getting to be tired of the breath of wind, or wearing on rapidly—as now not more than a quarter of a mile in the hour. Time passes unprofitably, and I am not yet in sight nor hearing.

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United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1865.

TERMS.

Single copies $3 per annum or eighteen—$3 if no paid in advance.

For $5 an editor, one copy, will be sent three years.

To Clubs we make the following reductions:

3 COPIES,	$8.00	PER ANNUM.
5 "	$12.50	" "
13 "	$25.00	" "
27 "	$50.00	" "

The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance.

Letters will not be taken from the Post Office unless the postage is paid.

Remittances must always state the Post Office county and State, as well as that to which the paper is to be addressed.

For THREE DOLLARS, we will send one copy of the "Saturday Evening Post, and one copy of "Sower's Pictorial Magazine" for one year—or, one copy of the "Saturday Evening Post for one year, and one copy of "The Footman," a Splendid New Annual, for 1867.

For FIVE DOLLARS, we will send a copy of the Saturday Evening Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, or Godey's Lady's Book, and one copy of the Ladies' National Magazine, or "The Footman," for 1867—or we will send two copies of the Saturday Evening Post, and one copy of Graham's Magazine, or Godey's Lady's Book, for one year.

For TEN DOLLARS, we will send one copy of the Saturday Evening Post, one copy of "The Footman," for 1867, and one copy of either the Ladies' National Magazine, Sower' Pictorial Magazine, Graham's Magazine, or Godey's Lady's Book, for one year.

TO THOSE IN ARREARS.

We respectfully request those of our subscribers who are in arrears, to forward the amounts respectively owing to us, by mail, as soon as possible. We have tried to do our part in giving them a pleasant, instructive and amusing counterpart to throughout the year, now we trust they will do their parts, by forwarding that compensation to which we are justly entitled. "The laborer is worthy of his hire" is a Christian precept none the less worthy of all acceptation—and if any laborer be worthy of his hire surely the publisher, who gives so much for so little, is the man. We trust this appeal to the conscience and pockets of our subscribers, will not be without effect—but that every person upon reading it, will begin to study out in his or her mind, how much he or she "owes the printer."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

LIFE. There are good things in this poem—but the execution generally falls far short of the conception. By the way, the higher the conception, the more difficult the execution. Let the author try a simpler theme.

MY LITTLE CHUM ALICE. Many thanks to our correspondent for his pretty little poem—we trust to hear from him often. We are sorry that we could not comply with his request in relation to the Chorale, owing to the dead living done already, at the time we received his note.

VALLEY OF DEATH. There are some fine passages in this piece. We are pressed to make room for much from our contributors.

JOURNAL OF A PEDDLER'S WIFE. We have received another portion of the Journal, which we shall hold on to until we receive more. Perhaps I would be better to wind up the Journal, although we would like the author will try her hand at some more general sketches of Western life.

"WAYSIDE SKETCHES."

We complete this week J. Bayard Taylor's Wayside Sketches of the Old World. We risk nothing in saying that these letters have among the most carefully and elegantly written, that have ever been published in any newspaper in the United States. Of course, the cost has been considerable—but we owe it to our large circle of readers to stop at no reasonable outlay, when anything is proposed calculated to add to the interest and variety of our sheet. What is generally thought of Mr. Taylor's letters, may be inferred from the fact that one of the most enterprising publishing houses in New York, is on the eve of issuing them in two volumes, with additions and corrections by the author. Our conclusion that Mr. Taylor has come out, or would be well be some of our readers, we were satisfied with the progress of events at home, to take to heart. It will be found at the termination of his present interesting series of letters, he will leave having my own land more than ever, because, by contrast, how far she has outstripped the rest of the world in freedom and intelligence.

DOMBEY AND SON.

We trust that some of our readers will neglect the perusal of this new novel of Dickens'. In Ireland 150,000 copies of the first number, the first part of which appears in this week's Post, have been published, and it is calculated that Boz will clear $50'000 by the whole work. Romance of the sweet little girl, with such longings for kindness and love, met continually by such cold rejection on the part of father and aunt, is a beautiful touch of character. Walter, too, the frank, gay, brave hearted youth, will his boyish passion for sister Florence and the sea, promises to be a gem of the first water. Susan Nipper, also, with her sharp, black eyes, and energetical sayings, is a prime favorite of ours—and although the threatens continually to set every body up, boots and all, it's no secret why she shouldn't be a heart a very clever and kind hearted sort of passenger. And the baby—the sea of Dombey and Son—dear me! I came out a Dombey, we shall be mistaken. Altogether the opening chapters of this work indicate a tale in Boz's best vein.

THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS.

We often of late see paragraphs going the rounds of the papers, to the effect that the Emperor of Russia is by no means the tyrant that some people imagine; but, on the contrary, quite a well behaved, benevolent and amiable gentleman, and in addition a considerable of a reformer in his way. The last observation of the kind we have seen, was prefixed to a notice of the late American, whom Nicholas at present in his employ as, we believe, a teacher of mathematics to some of the young hopefuls of the Romanoff dynasty. Now, young Hopkins is not a fool, but a man of energy and spirit, we have no intention of denying. That his pride leads him to the rate that Russia should no longer linger behind all the rest of Europe in the arts and sciences, appears to us quite natural—and it may be, that he is right, and that in this period of railroads and steamboats, and cheap reading, when travellers will see and print, too, what they get time, as by the rule, the Emperor of Russia is one of the finest yet truest compliments to the workings of the former, ancient and precious stones, that we have ever seen.

The Monitor is one of God's noblemen. What have Mechanics ever done for the world? Nothing but ever been chosen one of the weighty deep and extensive, and the most important of the world's highways, on which they ride as on a tame steed. Mechanics of five and twenty years ago, traversed the creek, and at the Mechanic's bidding compelled to obey it! Mechanics are Merchants upon the waters of earth, and made its products contribute to their wants. The United Lightning at their beginning and they ride triumphant on the wings of the mighty wind! To the wise men of the East, the Emperor of knowledge and labor and queens are decorated by their handiwork. He who made the world was a great mechanic."

THE NEW ENGLAND WASHINGTONIAN.

We have been for some time intending to pay our respects to this most ably conducted paper, but have not been able to find the appropriate moment, on account of the frequent commendations that have appeared in it of our course relative to nominating politicians for high offices. Remembrance of the "pen tickle me, I tickle you" policy, which papers of the "lesser sort" often indulge in. But even at the risk of being thought vain, we must say, and from those who do not know us, we take the liberty of saying that the Washingtonian is conducted in a manner and with a spirit that does it credit, and the very head rank of the newspaper press—which is not to say that it

United States SATURDAY POST.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. D. W. JAMES, of Herkimer county, Illinois, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Missouri and Kentucky, to receive subscriptions and collect accounts.

JOHN HUMAN, Colombo, East side of Lake Champlain, is our Agent for Ceylon.

JOHN MUNRO, Canada, East side of Lake Champlain, is our Agent for Canada.

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS is our Agent for Alabama and Tennessee.

ISRAEL E. JAMES is Agent for the Southern and South-Western States, including Florida, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Kentucky, Tennessee, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina

United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1850.

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TO THOSE IN ARREARS.

We respectfully request those of our subscribers who are in arrears, to forward the amounts respectively owing to us, by mail, as soon as possible. We have tried to do our part in getting them a neat, pleasant, instructive and moral evening companion throughout the year, now we trust they will do their parts, by forwarding that compensation to which we are justly entitled. The laborer is worthy of his hire; and we have always regarded honesty as worthy of all acceptation—and if any laborer be worthy of his hire surely the publisher, who gives so much for so little, is the man. We trust this appeal to the conscientious and honest will be responded to, and not be without effect—but that every person upon reading it, will begin to study out in his or her mind, how much he or she "owes the printer."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Lite. There are good things in this poem—but the execution generally falls far short of the conception—by the way, the higher the conception, the more difficult the execution. Let the author try a simpler theme.

My Little Cousin Alice. Many thanks to our correspondent for his pretty little poem—we trust to hear often from him. We are sorry that we could not comply with his request in relation to the Lyceum, owing to the time being done already, at the time we received his note.

Valley of Dreams. There are some fine passages in this piece. We are pleased to speak favorably of the new contributors.

Journal of a Physician's Wife. We have received another portion of the Journal, which we shall hold on to until we receive more. Perhaps it would be better to wait up the Journal now—though we cannot notice will try her hand at some more general sketches of Western life.

"WAYSIDE SKETCHES."

We complete this week J. Bayard Taylor's Way side Sketches of the Old World, and the Old Family, and in saying that these letters have been among the most carefully and eloquently written, that have ever been published in any or engaged in the New, or United States. Of course, the cost has been considerable—but we owe it to our large circle of readers to strive to be as remarkable ordinary, when anything is proposed calculated to add to the interest and variety of our sheet. What is generally thought of Mr. Taylor's Letters, may be inferred from the fact that one of the most enterprising publishing houses in New York, is on the eve of publishing them in two volumes, with additions and emendations by the author. One conclusion that Mr. Waylor has come to, we should be led to those of all who have for a long time been associated with the progress of events at home, to take to heart. It will be found at the termination of the concluding interesting letter: any other conclusion would be unworthy such cold repulsion on the part of her father and aunt, is a most interesting character. Walter, too, the frank, gay, brave hearted lad, with all his boyish passion for adventure and the sea, promises to be a gem of the first water. Susan Nipper, also, with her sharp, black eyes, and quick sensitive temper, is a prime favorite of ours—and although she threatens continually to set every body up, hearts and all, it's no matter, for she stands true at heart; a very clever and handsome sort of personage. And the baby—the son of Dombey and Son—the heir of the house—the child of his heart—the idol of his soul—what shall we say of him? Altogether the opening chapters of this work indicate a tale in Boz's best vein.

THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS.

We often of late see paragraphs going the rounds of the papers, to the effect that the Emperor of Russia is by no means the tyrant that some people imagine; but, on the contrary, quite a well behaved, benevolent and amiable gentleman, and in addition, considerable of a reformer in his way. The last observation of the kind we have seen, was probably to a notice of an American, whose business took him to Russia, and who, we believe, a teacher at mathematics at some of the young nobleman of the Hyperborean regions. Now, that Nicholas is not a bad, but a man of energy and spirit, we have no intention of denying. That his policy has been such as are that Russia should no longer linger behind all the rest of Europe in the arts and sciences, especially those which are useful in war, we have no doubt; and that in this period of railroads and steamboats, and electric telegraphs, when travellers will see and state, too, unbridled for lands, as to the condition of things in his vast dominions, he should not wish to hear them report that Russia is only a boorish stupidity to the very tips, we have also no manner of reason for disbelieving. But that the despotic tyrant of Russia, notwithstanding all this, is worthy to receive the praise and admiration of a free and chivalrous people, we must be allowed most respectfully to question.

It is not our design to enter into an examination of the principal events that have occurred during the reign of the present Emperor of Russia, since it is needful for the purpose of this article. We shall only call attention to two or three of the achievements that have signalized the possession of arbitrary power by Nicholas, and then put it to all brave and strong hearted freemen, whether he should be entered by them with any other feelings than those of disgust and aversion.

Passing for now all but a reference, the general policy pursued by the Russian government toward unhappy Poland, the banishment of the noblest of her sons to foreign lands, or their more hideous exile in the dreary wastes and mines of Siberia—a policy, be it remembered, not enforced or mitigated in the least since the accession of the present monarch to the throne—we come to one incident of peculiar atrocity. We refer to the cruel, unjust and inhuman course pursued towards a sisterhood of Polish Nuns because they refused to abjure the Roman Catholic religion and embrace that of the Greek Church, the state religion of Russia. The circumstances at the time of its occurrence, caused a thrill of horror through all Europe and America, but as we fear the remembrance of it is dying out, we will barely sketch its outline, leaving the rest of the horrid picture to the imagination or the memory of our readers. The Nuns, still refusing to change their religion, were given over to the tender mercies of a band of Cossacks; and suffered all the indignities that woman can suffer from ruffians that are strangers—making in many cases (though [illegible]

To only one thing more is it necessary to call the attention of a free people, in order that this abhorrent and disgusting sympathy for an unscrupulous tyrant should be put to instant rout. Except Finland, which has been annexed to Russia, there is not a foot of land that has been added to the territory of the Czar, since the accession of Nicholas. And what is that added? Nothing but a desert, a wilderness, a region of ice and snow, the value of which is not worth the taxes of Russia for one year. Not a single province of importance has been added to the Czar's dominions, since the accession of Nicholas. Not a single foot of land, bought back the territory of Poland, which was wrested from it by the treachery and perfidy of Russia. And shall we, knowing these facts, be so much deceived, as to suppose that a despot may be very kind and gentlemanly when his humor is not thwarted, and yet a tyrant demon when angry and aroused! When his claws are drawn in, doubtless the Russian is as smooth as the velvet he treads upon. Byron has the same testimony as to Ali Pacha:—

> "A man of wars and wives;
> Yet in his livery walk'd no menial less:
> While gentleness her milder radiance threw
> Along the aspect of that chief of crew.
> *The steeds that bore* [illegible]

Let us then have no more of this. American tips should call tyrants, tyrants; and not seek to palliate with details of kindness to a single individual here and there, the ruin and misery inflicted upon hundreds of thousands.

THE VAN NESS CASE.

This very singular case is now on trial in Washington. The particulars of it will be found in the report of the proceedings of the United States Courts, as briefly these:

The plaintiff in this case, generally known here as Mrs. Custer, claims to be the widow of the late General John P. Van Ness. She avers that after the desertion of her first husband, fourteen or fifteen years ago, while endeavoring to support herself by keeping a boarding house in the city, General Van Ness made her acquaintance, and became acquainted, but, past that the first of this intimacy was a child, which died in a few months—that General Van Ness, about a year afterwards introduced her into the family of a respectable widow lady, living with her daughter, and that she assumed the name he had taken, and was called and regarded as his wife. She appealed to him to make atonement for the wrong by marriage, which he consented to do, but, on the appointed occasion, compelled the fulfilment of his pledge until some time in August, 1843.

"About the end of July, 1843, it is alleged that by previous arrangement, General Van Ness went off to New York, and that in a large correspondence with Mrs. Custer and her daughter went on to Philadelphia, and took lodgings at Mrs. Mordecai's (formerly of this city) within a square of the Mansion House, where the General always stopped—that about the 5th of August, he returned from New York to Philadelphia, called at Mrs. Mordecai's to see Mrs. Custer, and the next morning took her off to an Alderman's office, and married her publicly. To prove this fact, she relies on certain letters purporting to be written by General Van Ness to which he addresses her as his lawful wife, and signs himself her affectionate husband. She has no certificate, asserting that the General retained this essential document in his possession, because he feared the marriage to be concealed from his family until his decease, if possible, and the conspiracy of his friends sure. Nor can she tell by what Alderman the ceremony was performed, or give any clew to the place to which the General secreted her.

The defendant, Cornelius Van Ness, administrator of the deceased General, avers the whole statement to be a fraud, and a trumped-up conspiracy on the part of her claimant and others, to extract money from the estate. As it stands, it is certainly a very curious affair—and we await the issue with some curiosity. If it be a mere conspiracy of the kind in question be an imposter, we trust that she and all connected with her in this business, will be severely punished—but if what she says be true, we hope the Court will allow no considerations of the "respectability" of the Van Ness family to come between her and her just rights.

CHARACTER OF LAWYERS.

We cut the following squib at the profession of the Law from one of our exchanges:—

"*A Difficult Question.*—The editor of the Knickerbocker inclines his readers that there are in the city of New York a number of men that electing magazine, to prove, by elaborate argument, that they are not lawyers, and have no law."

We embrace the opportunity to say that, so far as our experience extends, the honesty of lawyers generally is above par. We have had a host of them as subscribers, and have found them, as a class, honorable men. Of course, we have had our share of the law suits of Robbers, and have had to sue out writs of the Constable, and have given over, from the hands of the Constable, to the Sheriff, many a delinquent subscriber, but, in the main, we have found the members of the profession the most honorable men we have had to deal with. Such is the old story, handed down from generation to generation, and we have found it true to the letter. Of course, we have had to do with a few lawyers, who have proved themselves the exceptions to the rule, but, as a class, we repeat, we have found them honorable men.

THE MECHANIC.

There are no class of men that have less reason to envy those of literary occupation than Mechanics. The necessity and usefulness of what they do is evident to the dullest mind. The workmanship of the Mechanic receives meritorious contemplated and lauded as useless and unprofitable, and a large, and in general, most liberal patronage of religious sect, have established the Mechanic as not only a useful member but a decoy of Satin! but the usefulness of the Mechanic, the master in intellectual things, is as evident and palpable as the usefulness of the solid earth on which he labors. The extract that we subjoin from the "Mechanic's Own Book" we feel sure will put truest compliments to the workers in wood and metals and precious stones, that we have ever seen.

"The Mechanic is one of God's noblemen. What have Mechanics not done? Have they not spread the Bible over the world? Have they not established its treasures, and made the raging billows their merchants, on which they ride as on a race course? Are not the elements of fire and water chained to their use? Has not Mechanic's building compelled to turn it? Have not Mechanics spread the comforts of earth, and made its products contribute to their wants? Has not the Mechanic lived in their palaces and they rode triumphant on the wings of the mighty wind? He is the wise man who has food and knowledge and kisses and queens are decorated by Mechanic's fingers. He who made the world was a great mechanic."

THE NEW ENGLAND WASH.

We have been for some time intending to pay our respects to this most ably conducted paper, but have not been able to get an opportunity of doing so, on account of the frequent commendations that have appeared on it of our course relative to insurance companies, which has left us no room for anything else.

The Washington Union, and other Locofoco papers, are in the habit of incurring an imputation of that kind from those who do not know us, we take the liberty of saying that the Locofoco papers are not to be entered with any other feelings than those of disgust and aversion.

Passing for now all but a reference, the general policy pursued by the Russian government toward unhappy Poland, the banishment of the noblest of her sons to foreign lands, or their more hideous exile in the dreary wastes and mines of Siberia—a policy, be it remembered, not enforced or mitigated in the least since the accession of the present monarch to the throne—we come to one incident of peculiar atrocity. We refer to the cruel, unjust and inhuman course pursued towards a sisterhood of Polish Nuns because they refused to abjure the Roman Catholic religion and embrace that of the Greek Church, the state religion of Russia. The circumstances at the time of its occurrence, caused a thrill of horror through all Europe and America, but as we fear the remembrance of it is dying out, we will barely sketch its outline, leaving the rest of the horrid picture to the imagination or the memory of our readers. The Nuns, still refusing to change their religion, were given over to the tender mercies of a band of Cossacks; and suffered all the indignities that woman can suffer from ruffians that are strangers—making in many cases (though [illegible]

AWFUL EXPLOSION.

We learn from a correspondent of the North American, that a tremendous explosion occurred at Hazelton, Luzerne county, eight miles from Wilkesbarre, on Saturday night last.

> "Then were the fiery mines in the building at the time of the explosion, and they were blown into hundreds of fragments—legs, arms, heads, masses of flesh and bones were scattered in every direction. Even the entrails of a man were found hanging to the limb of a tree more than a hundred yards from the building. The fragments of human flesh presented at the time of the explosion exceeded two tons; the power by a mile and a half in the country round about more or less damaged; doors were forced open; windows broken, and men prostrated by its effects. No idea can be formed as to the cause of the explosion, as all witnesses were instantly killed. One of the workmen left the mill a few minutes before the explosion, and all the others were at their dinner at their regular business.
>
> The names of the five persons who lost their lives by this explosion are John Jones, Rush, Francis Woodward, William Brandon, a German named Knoop, and a colored man named Nelson Wigner.

PROVIDENT OLD LADY.

A writer in Dorcas Jarrold's Magazine, discoursing, upon the absurd custom of feasting at funerals, which we rejoice to say is rapidly going out of fashion, tells the following amusing anecdote:—

> "I remember a kind hearted creature as ever trod in Harrow, and all her days was remembered for a princely hospitality and her capital table, who, when dying at an advanced age—having made her will and taken leave of every one—called for the clerk to come to her bed side and launch yet remained. The dear gracious woman signed at her request, and bade her take pencil and paper, and write down the bill of fare for the coming funeral dinner! The clerk remonstrated with her—but was at length overcome after some time was arranged—energy still lingering. At length all was done, down to the bill of the dessert—and the clerk was about to depart, when the testator's attention—'And take care,' added the expiring woman, by way of codicil, 'that the cheese be bought at Mr. Smith's—the rest will be at the bottom of the table, and he is a most wretched carver.'"

TO BOOKSELLERS.

One of our subscribers, a clergyman, is Ohio, sends us the following, which he says he knows persons arrangement, General Van Ness went off to New York, and that in a large correspondence with Mrs. Custer and her daughter went on to Philadelphia, and took lodgings at Mrs. Mordecai's (formerly of this city) within a square of the Mansion House, where the General always stopped—that about the 5th of August, he returned from New York to Philadelphia, called at Mrs. Mordecai's to see Mrs. Custer, and the next morning took her off to an Alderman's office, and married her publicly. To prove this fact, she relies on certain letters purporting to be written by General Van Ness to which he addresses her as his lawful wife, and signs himself her affectionate husband. She has no certificate, asserting that the General retained this essential document in his possession, because he feared the marriage to be concealed from his family until his decease, if possible, and the conspiracy of his friends sure. Nor can she tell by what Alderman the ceremony was performed, or give any clew to the place to which the General secreted her.

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THE HOPE OF MAN.

No longer is the splendid sign of *Aegeus* or of *Theseus*
No longer in the battlecry of "Gideon and the Lord"
Nor in the charges of ancient hosts, which follow'd, cried or swore
Whose very name now sets pretty dames, into fainting fits—made a curse!
Nor in the Moslem's hour, which just the contrary sigh.
And safe from hell or hell or rolls the thunder from the sky.
Nor in the crusader's cry
Nor in that harbinger of blue, the holy Hope of Heaven!
No, in these "inner days," are more the Chicken of Knight may give
Upon his shield, or pennon pennel, and realize the proud mission bore!
Nor, as those were of God of old, were whose gospels the sun
Still in Heaven or Gibeon, and the moon in Ajalon,
May soldiers of the cross now raise their bloody hands in vain
And call on God to bless the cause where truth and justice lie:
For as the ages speed, the world outgrows the first rude pitch,
And springs no more from tyrants' blood, the violet, Hope of Man.

The latter best above falls in with the still mist and the shower,
And from whose cold hard breast can spring no verdure and no flower,
Must need at first the stern, sharp share should through its heart be driven
To lay it open in the sun, and the kindly dews of Heaven;
But when within the broken mould the pregnant grain is cast
And the dull earth begins to wear a beauty not its own,
The useless share is thrown aside, and browner soil and loam
Must yield the stalk, and fill the ear, fit for the reaper's hand.
No longer, therefore, may we raise rebellion's flag in vain
Though, 'tenth some tyrant's cruel pride, our hearts al-
Never again to fight or slay
Upon the State, and with strong arms unde ourown laws
Henceforth Truth conquers as a God, in whose word lies His power,
Not as a "leader" only might it in rude conflict
Such is the Freedom's new-born thought, the Future's golden plan:—
To Love, not Hate, henceforward lies, the holy Hope of Man.

MEXICAN CUSTOMS.

A correspondent of the New Orleans Picayune gives the following description of a Mexican dinner:—

"The dinner was very excellent, but served up in a manner different from that to which we Yankees were furnished in, but we have already learned how to do without much luxuries. The meat either was boiled or roasted, or was cut up into minced meatballs. As to the soup—and this beats all—it is said to be—it was to tear off a slip of tortilla, which is an unleavened bread, made of corn, and serves as a dish, and eat spoon and all! It requires a little practice to do this with ease, but I soon got the hang of it. Boiled eggs were brought on, and a delicious dish of rice, highly seasoned, scalded, and set in little cakes of raw dough. The rice was served up with a little stick about three inches long and of about the size of a large knitting needle, which is given to each of us. An Irish Lavela did all the Spanish for both. I looked to him for instructions how to eat with these sticks. At the same time turning sole glances to see me begin. At last I seized them in silence as the gift conferred at Gilt-hall as eating soup with a knitting-needle. After beginning a moment, in evident confusion, the Mexicans all laughed, and inquired of the Negro. She informed us that the sticks were to stir in the salt, which was the right place to be scalded. Some stupid we were not to have understood this simple ceremony.

CARELESSNESS, OR WORSE.

A great mistake occurred in telegraphing the article that appeared in the Boston Post, in New York. The price of flour in bond was announced at 33s, the extreme quotation of the circulars brought by the Cunard steamer, and the operator at the Sandy Hook, looking on the news as favorable, were inclined to expect higher prices than they would otherwise and wrote to their friends in this city to that effect. But flour has declined 3s 6d or about 50 cents per barrel.

Cotton, as we stated, has declined £d. in price. Such blunders, if intentional, should rain the reputation of any operator, and, if not intentional, should be visited with severe censure.

COMING BY GROVES.

It is stated that there are seven thousand Tailors in this city, earning, on the average, $2 per day—fourteen thousand dollars, to let him take it out in dentistry. The editor very respectfully declined the offer.

MODESTY.

We learn from the Mobile Daily Albion that M Alexandre Dumas has translated Hamlet into French, and added an act. In his remarks on this work, M. Jules Janin says that M. Dumas has done honor equally to Hamlet and Shakspeare!

IT MAY BE.

A writer in the New Orleans Tropic avers that the $2,000,000 appropriated by Congress for the Mexican war, has not been all spent. It may be, but we are slow to believe such nearly made assertions.

TEA AND COFFEE.

The forthcoming Message of the President will be looked for with much interest. Of late years the tea, coffee, spices, and some other articles not produced in our own country.

TWO POETS MADE ONE.

Elizabeth Barrett Barrett and Robert Browning have recently been married to each other in London.

COLONEL FREMONT.

It is rumored that this gentleman has been appointed Governor of California.

Notices of New Works.

Godey's Lady's Book. Godey's for December has one of the prettiest covers for a Lady's Magazine that we have seen for a long time. Contents:—"The Bridal Eve," by Grace Greenwood—a very pretty thing, and a pretty picture—"Sketches of Character," No. 1, by the Author of "Lights and Shadows of Real Life"—"Lines to a Lady Singing," by Mrs. Osgood—"Lines to Mary," by Mrs. Anna, Mary Dawson, William Wallace, &c., &c., among the contributors.

Pictorial History of the United States. *By John Frost, L. L. D. Philadelphia: Charles J. Gibbs.* This work is issued in the parlor form, in 36 parts, 32 of the work. As the extent of the work, from the manner we have seen it, is between an object of greater interest to the people of the United States than the rise and progress of the French Revolution and the action in that country tragedy, a subject of which the people of that age will never grow tired of hearing.

The Saturday Museum. *Philadelphia: Thatcher & Hutchinson.* This paper has some good engravings from the pens of Darnin, whose name alone is a pledge of excellence, and some interesting stories in prose and verse, some on historic and others on scriptural subjects. The paper is well printed, and the number for Mr. Russell Conwell, who is also the editor, and to whom all pieces are from James, the novelist, Mrs. Abdy, and others.

Small Books on Great Subjects. We are indebted to Messrs Lea & Blanchard, the publishers, for the receipt of the first number of a series bearing the title of "Curious Facts in the Nineteenth Century," by Robert Tomes, M. D. The first number is entitled "The Age of Science in the Coming of Christ," Upon the whole, we like the plan, and wish it to meet with much knowledge in a small space.

Colonial Magazine. The December number of the Colonial Magazine contains a good variety. The first article, called "Laying Down the Law" is the best, and a very good one. So is "Tiger Hunt," and "Indian Fairs are only tolerable. The conclusion, which are most better than common, are from the pens of Mrs. Ellet, Fanny Forrester, Mrs. Osgood, Mrs. Hewitt, P. Clarke, &c.

Friday's Journal Magazine.—We have received the January number of this periodical and monthly Magazine. Among other embellishments it has engravings of Chatham. This number opens with a description of Ohio, and we understand that Mr. Bruce contemplates to give a description of one of the States of the Union every month during the next year. Terms $2 00 per annum in advance.

Chambers's Information for the People. We are indebted to the publishers, *Messrs. G. S. Lyder & Co.*, for No. 6 of this valuable work.

Harpers' Illustrated Shakspeare. *Lossing & Bladdeen* have received Nos. 103 and 104 of the illustrated Shakspeare.

Chambers Storing, containing Wits Pastime and Pleasant Stories. *Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.* Price 25 cents. This volume contains a number of admirable tales. Judging from the first number of this publication, which we have before us, the publication, which we have before us, the publication, which we have before us, the

United States SATURDAY POST.

THE PRIZEFIGHTING AGENTS.

Mr. G. W. JAMES, of Steubenville, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas, and Texas.

JOHN HUMBY, Colonel, Fort Wayne, Ind., is our Agent for Indiana, and all the Forwarding Towns on the Wabash.

HENRY M. LEWIS is our Agent for Alabama and Georgia.

ISAAC L. JAMES is Agent for the Southern and Western parts of Florida, including the cities of Tallahassee, St. Augustine, Pensacola, Apalachicola, Quincy, Key West, Jacksonville, Fernandina, Tampa, and Port Leon.

THOMAS REVERE is our Traveling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PRICE collects for us in Boston.

JAMES PHILIPS is our Traveling Agent for Rhode Island.

CHAS. S. HOWLEY will receive subscribers and subscriptions for this paper in the State of New York.

HOW MONEY MAY BE PAID TO PUBLISHERS.

The Post Master is bound to receive any letter containing money in deposited; must give a receipt in the form prescribed by law, specifying the sum, and the amount deposited. This receipt must be sent to the Publisher, who must not pay the money to any Post Master unless the receipt is produced.

The Post Master must, when the money is deposited, write the name of the Post Master paid to him, with the name of the writer, noting the same, and the newspaper or magazine to be paid for, and transmit it with the deposit to the Post Master through whom the same is to be paid to the Publisher.

The following is a form of the receipt which may be addressed to the Publisher:

Post Office, Virginia, Pa., September 15, 1865.
Received from John Hickey, two dollars for subscription to the Philadelphia Saturday Post, for one year, which I have ordered one per cent and charged myself with the same in the account of the Post Office with the Government. The Post Master at Philadelphia will pay the same to the Publisher, Philadelphia, on the receipt properly endorsed.
(Signed) JAMES JORDAN, Post Master.

By the same mail an acknowledgment similar to the following, is to be sent to the Post Master of Philadelphia:

Post Office, Virginia, Pa., September 18, 1865.
To the Post Master at Philadelphia:
Sir:—I have received from *John Hickey*, two dollars for subscription to the Philadelphia Saturday Post, which I have ordered one per cent and charged myself with the same in the account of the Post Office with the Government. The Post Master at Philadelphia will pay the same to the Publisher, Philadelphia, on the receipt properly endorsed.
(Signed) JAMES JORDAN, Post Master.

Subscribers not choosing to avail themselves of the intervention of a Post Master, may remit the money transmit, by mail, notes of solvent banks in payment of subscription, to the Publishers direct.

General News.

PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS.—Adj. Gen. Bowman has issued a general order announcing that at the request of the President upon our State for one regiment of volunteers, to serve till the end of the war with Mexico, or for a shorter period if sooner, companies are to consist of eighty privates, but will be received with sixty-four effective men. Commanders to report to the Adjutant General within ten days after they receive the orders, when the selection will be made according to the following rule:

—The regiment will be ready to march complete in the time from the receipt of the order will be first accepted. For example:—If one commanding officer shall report his company ready to march within one day after the day on which his order is delivered to the assistant, and that of the other within three days, &c., they will be accepted according to the time and date in which they are respectively ready to march.

GEN. BUTLER.—The Union has had a conversation with an officer who was in the service of the Inter, before Monterey, being in the staff of General Quitman, and, of course, was one of the gallant band who stood by Butler in the hour of peril. He states that he was frequently near General Butler during this action, until he received his wound—not much of a wound, by the way, as a musket ball was or hand nothing to justify the silly rumors which have been in circulation respecting any difference between General Taylor and Butler. He added further, that if any such circumstance occurred, he must have heard it from the persons with whom he was daily in the habit of conversing about it before he left the camp, nor could he ever have left Monterey. He has no conception or a doubt that the whole rumor is gratuitous, and without foundation.

A SPANISH CONVERT.—A volunteer, writing from Camp Allen, says that a Spaniard was shot at October 16th, given this glowing account of the country:—"The soil is of the very best, and the water unsurpassed; corn has averaged one hundred out of the largest sprigs I ever saw. The fruits that are raised here are very fine and plenty, such as oranges, lemons, limes, figs, pomegranates, and apples, and a great many other kinds that I have not yet learned the names of. They can be had for almost nothing, and many pay nothing for them. The timber is of the best, and making their way from the Mississippi bottoms to the hills.

The climate is very healthy, except chill, in exchanging at the Utica Museum, who resurrects within an inch or two of seven feet, and is still growing. Its name is Jumbo.

Community Dissolute.—The "Northampton Industrial Association," Massachusetts, was dissolved last week. A Mr. Hill has taken the property and assumes the debts.

GOING TO MEXICO.—The Hon. Isaac D. Bright, United States Senator from Indiana, has tendered his services to the President to raise a regiment for Mexico.

VISTE TRIPO.—The celebrated violinist has been appointed first violinist to the Emperor of Mexico, and director of the conservatorio at St. Petersburg.

NEW CROPS.—A census of Cincinnati was taken last week by order of the Board of Health. It has now 74,000 white inhabitants, and 4,158 colored.

RELIEF FOR SUFFERING FAMILIES.—The people of Cincinnati are making provision for the families of those who joined the volunteer forces from that city.

☞ Mike Walsh, of New York, distinctly charges that pretended friends attempted to poison him, which caused the recent severe indisposition.

DECAPITUL.—It is said that Mr. Pakenham is a stockholder to the extent of $40,000 in the Catharin recently completed by Santa Anna.

WINTER CHERRY.—The name about Lake Superior is already about a foot deep, and the copper miners have suspended for the winter.

☞ Wm. Lloyd Garrison was a passenger home in the last Boston steamer.

☞ Six feet water in the channel at Pittsburg on the 16th.

CLOTHS, CLOAKS AND CASSIMERES.—Wright's Indicator, Nos. 1 and 2, is a complete guide to the cut of clothing, containing the most approved and correct system (the same of every kind of garment, with or without seams, and adapted to the body to be reduced of all its sufferings as if by magic. Four or five dollars for a "Tailor's Pocket Rule" was either to be going to bed, will in a short time remove the most troublesome. A full and thorough description of country will be contained in a handy size, and the blood so completely purified and invigorated as to defy the attacks of disease and any other form of disease will be effectually impossible. Price $1 per copy, sent to any part of the country free of postage. Address, AUGUSTUS MITCHELL, 86 E. corner of Market and Seventh streets, Philada.

COMMUNICATION.—A CURE FOR WORMS.—*Hamburgh, Berks County, Pa., Sept. 1, 1865.*—Dear Sir: Last Saturday morning, I found my young child very sick, and on examining it, I found worms, and succeeded in all day, till after night. On Sunday morning I gave it another dose of your Worm Syrup, and it passed off a large number of worms, and I believe, to speak within bounds, that no less than one hundred worms passed off during the day. I am a very respectable mercantile house, and can refer you to any number of persons, as to as I have heard, have given satisfaction. Yours, &c., JOHN H. ZIEGLER.

The valuable medicine may be had of No. 9 South Third street.

FEVER AND AGUE.—*A Cure Warranted.* From the first year that celebrated JAYNE'S AGUE PILLS have been used, we hear of their universal and entire success in all cases of Fever and Ague.

Mr. George Bachman, a merchant at Marengo, Illinois, says that Jayne's Ague Pills are nothing gone more here, and have Texas Vermifuge and Carminative are good medicines. Messrs. Reynard & Burton, Newport, Ind. say—"We have sold Ayer's Pills and most of the Vermifuge in the country, and they are universal favorites."

Thomas Gully, Esq., Hickory, Ohio, says their remedies give universal satisfaction. Your Ague Pills have never failed in a single case.

They may be had of No. 9 South Third Street, Phila.

TIME UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST may be obtained, wholesale and retail, at the Philadelphia Depot, No. 1 STATE STREET, BOSTON and at the Office of the Publication, No. 9 SOUTH THIRD ST., PHILADELPHIA.

DR. D. JAYNE, No. 8 South THIRD St., Phila. (y 6-ly

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.
Office of the Saturday Evening Post.
Friday Evening, November 17, 1865.

FLOUR & MEAL.—The ac. ket opened with a fair demand, and several parcels changed hands at $5,50 per bbl. Since the issue of to-day's Post Extraordinary with the great quantity of valuable vessels in many the stocks now in the hands of buyers have cancelled the order for the sales being at $5,50, $5,75@5,87, and $6,12@6,25 bbl—closing firm, however, at the latter price. Rye flour continues scarce, with small sales at $4,12@4,25 bbl. Corn Meal—Has been in good demand, and near 4000 bbls have been sold at $3,90 for Pa.

GRAIN—The active demand for wheat has continued this week, and the operations have been heavy. Sales early in the week, and prior to the steamer's news at $1,50 for prime Pa. red, and $1,40 for white per bushel; subsequently, several lots of good to prime reds sold at $1,70@1,75, and white at $1,75; but buyers refuse to give more rates, holders generally gave way, and good reds have been sold at $1,66, 1,68@1,72, and white at $1,75, 1,77@1,80 per bushel—closing at the latter rates. Rye—A sale of Pa. at 70c. Corn—Has been in demand, but active in a moderate scale. Corn have made at 72@73c in bags and 80c.

SEEDS—With a very light stock, and a good demand the market has become much firmer, and several parcels western pots have changed hands at $14,25 per 100 lbs for winnowed.

BARK—The demand for quercitron continues good, and the receipts being limited, and the stock very light, prices are very firm. Sales of 60 bbls No. 1 at $39 per ton for first quality.

BEESWAX—Prices continue steady, with small sales.

CANDLES—Sperm are steady in price, with small sales. Tallow are also unchanged.

COAL—The demand continues to a fair extent for Anthracite, and the receipts continue light, and prices of all sizes have increased this week.

COFFEE—The market continues very dull, with a good demand. We note sales of 3 000 bags Rio, including a cargo on the wharf at 74c, and 1000 Laguayra in bond from store at 74@75 on on the usual credit. The stocks continue very light.

COTTON—The market has exhibited no material variation since the date of our last review. The demand has been confined almost entirely to supplying the present want at spinners, and the stocks being too light to admit of speculative purchases. We note sales during the week of 600 bales, including Upland, Mobile and New Orleans, at prices within our range.

DOMESTIC GOODS.—The market continues quiet at steady rates.

DRUGS.—The demand continues good, with fair sales at $@5a39 per ton.

HAY—The market is more active, and we note the sales of 400 bales western at about $@2 per ton.

HIDES—No sales have occurred this week.

HOPS—No sales of any size have as yet taken place.

IRON—The market continues very firm, with a good demand, and the stock remains very light. We note sales of about 600 tons Pa.—Foundry pig at $ 6a,bl.—Anthracite do at $@bdl for No 1, and $@5 and 92 per ton for 2, and 3.

LEAD—The market is very firm, and the stock is short and active.

LATHS—Genuine scarce and wanted at full rates.

LIME—Continues quiet at $@ per cask with a good demand, prices continue steady.

MOLASSES—The market has become much finer, but the demand is yet limited.

RICE—The market continues here. Sales of 100 ms lbs at a sale.

SALT—An invoice of 2000 sacks and 900 tons Liverpool ground sold this week at $@ per sack. All other sales not made public.

SUGARS—The stock of Muscovadoes is exhausted in both first and second hands. The market, however, is firm, and the demand good, and the sales only comprise small lots of Cuba and Brazil at previous rates.

TALLOW—The market is nearly bare, and prices nominal.

TEAS—Demand moderate at steady rates.

WOOD—The demand for Kentucky continues on a very moderate scale at previous prices.

SALES OF STOCKS.

23 shares Schuylkill Navigation Co. 23
26 do. Kensington Bank. 26
20 do. Girard Bank. 20
20 do. Union Bank, Tenn. 87½
$3000 Cam. & Amb. 6s. 87½
$4251 U. States Bank Notes. 70
$1000 Leh. Nav. 6s, 1905. 71½
$1000 Lehigh Imposed. 70
$1,400 Penn 6s. 70

CATTLE MARKETS.

Philadelphia.—Offered during the week, 1900 head, including about 1000 coming 250 calves in N. York, 1500 cows and calves, 700 calves, and 1500 sheep. Prices of beef cattle ranged from 7@10c, with a few extra and extra quality; 180 fat cows. Cows and calves sell at $@ per head, according to quality. Calves are in fair demand, and prices have declined 1@2c per lb. Sheep and lambs are dull and lower than last week, at 5@6c per lb. Hogs are in good demand, and prices have advanced 1@2c per lb.

Chicago.—Cattle—Receipts for the week, 3,000 head; sales, 2,500 at $3@4 per 100 lbs. Hogs—Receipts for the week, 15,000 head; sales, 12,000 at $6,50@7,50 per 100 lbs.

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY R. JOHNSTON, BROKER.
No. 52 South Third Street.
Philadelphia, November 18, 1865.

PENNSYLVANIA.
Philadelphia banks par
Do. Bank notes par
Drexel do. 1 per
Kensington do. par
York do. par
Berks county no sale
Georgetown 1 dis
Lewistown 1 dis
Lancaster par
Lewistown par
Middletown 2 dis
Harrisburg par
Pottsville par
Wilkesbarre 1 per
NEW JERSEY.
Trenton, $5 to $20's par
Bridgeton, Salem, Cumberland par
Burlington, Camden, Gloucester par
Mount Holly par
Newark par
Orange, Morris, Sussex, New Brunswick, Elizabeth, Somerville, Pennington, Princeton, Hunterdon, Belvidere, Flemington, Lambertville, Jamesburg, Freehold, Monmouth, Long Branch, Farmingdale, Toms River, Beverly, Mount Holly, Camden, Gloucester, Salem, Bridgeton, Cumberland, Cape May, Woodbury, Mullica Hill, Glassboro, Swedesboro, Paulsboro, Mount Ephraim, Haddonfield, Medford, Mount Holly, Burlington, Bordentown, Trenton

Selected Poetry.

TRUE LOVE.

BY MARY HOWARTH.

There are furrows on thy brow, wife,
Thy hair is thin and gray,
And the light of youth has left thee
Many and many a day.
Then let us kneel for, wife,
The rose hath left thy cheek,
And the once free and graceful form
Is scarred now and weak.

But thy heart is just as warm, wife,
As when we first were wed,
As when thy merry eye was bright,
And thy mouth shed roses red.
Ah! that was long ago, wife,
We thought not then of care;
We then were spoiled children of our joy:
We now have none to spare!

Well, well, dear, then, comparatively, wife,
The joys child we hold,
The three years' darling, Lil and pet,
Beneath the yew now's cheek,
The youth from life was gone, wife,
We took our build in vain,
But we've blessed them then the Chastener
Who took that child so young!

Those two John, the boast and pride, wife,
Who lived to manhood's prime—
Would God I could have died for him
Who died to kill for! Can?
"There is light in the darkest self, wife,
A thing of sin and shame—
Our present sinfulness pity on,
When they but knew our name.

Yet she's thy child and mine, wife,
I nursed her on my knee,
And the still, world sings she took,
Whatever my light be.
We were proud of her fair face, wife
—And I have nearly mined,
And not younger her deserted
In her betrayer's hand!

I read each real thought, wife,
I sensed him to be true;
But he was rich and I was poor,
The rose was on her cheek,
The gallows would have had me, wife,
For that I'd set care!
The only thing that saved his life
Were its weight—I'd gold!

There's something in the face, wife,
That alone my maiden'd heart,
Thy favoured love thy before eye,
Thy look of pot-est pain,
The lips that never speak, wife,
Thy bloodless cheeks and wan—
The form which one was beautiful,
Those hours were so great,

Oh, the of they tell such tales, wife,
They fill our souls with woe;
We have borne so much together
Through those long dusty years,
That I will not keep from, wife,
What God appointeth here,
Nor add to my aching cup
Another bitter tear!

Let the betrayer live, wife;
He has our only child;
That grief may send our prodigal
Back to the Father's arms!
—Give me thy faithful hand, wife—
Oh God, who rulest above,
We bless Thee in our misery,
For one sure solace—love!

Pictures of Life.

DOMBEY AND SON.

CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.

"I'm very much beholden to you, Mrs. Richards," said Toots, who was not the only amazed listener, "and long is her mark, and really feel it as a honor to receive your commands being a black slave and a mulatto; but Richards, if there's any other orders you can give me, pray mention 'em."

"Nonsense, sodeer," said Polly.

"Oh! thank you, you're very kind, Mrs. Richards," cried Toots, "sometimes always orders permanence into, fifth, I'm sure know that, why whatever you've been, Mrs. Richards? But wherever you was born, Mrs. Richards," pursued Spitkin, shaking her head mysteriously, "you're a lady whatever you are, and I'll meet known to yourself) you may trust in mind, please, that it's one thing to give orders, and quite another thing to take 'em. A person may call a prince to fire off a bridge loud document into fourand-forty feet of water, Mrs. Richards, but a person may be very far from doing it."

"There now," said Polly, "you've angry because you're a good little fool, and friend of Miss Florence, and yet you turn round on me, because there's nobody else."

"It's very easy for some to keep their tempers, and do not spoken, Mrs. Richards," returned Susan, slightly mollified, "when their child's made an object of as a prince, and is not dashed until 2 o'clock when its friends farther, but when a sweet young pretty lieutenant, that never ought to have a cross word spoken to or at it, runs down the case in very different indeed. My goodness gracious me, Mrs. Richards, you knowingly, and which if you don't shut your pipe this minute. I'll call in them lost-looking gallins that lives in the cock-loft, to come and cut you up alive!"

How Miss Nipper made a horrible leering, supposed to issue from a consecutious public of the last sentence, imagined to discharge the coarse duty of his position. Having further composed her young charge by reversing her head with the hot clothes, and making those dear angry dabs at the pillow, she folded her arms, and screwed up her mouth, and sat looking at the fire for the rest of the evening.

Though Little Paul was used, in nursery phrase, to take a deal of notice for his age," he took no little notice of all this as of the preparations for his christening on the next day but one; which nevertheless stood very much in his mind, as he presently appeared, and that of his sister and the two nurses, with great serenity. Neither did he, on the arrival of the appointed day, betray any sense of the importance; being, on the contrary, uncommonly inclined to sleep, and unusually inclined to take it ill in his attendance that they dressed him to go out.

It happened to be an long-gray autumnal day, with a steady cool wind blowing over the city, and playing with the proceedings. Mr. Dombey expressed it to himself that the winds, and sounds, and scents of the streets were all cried to his library to honour his contempt, so had cold and on the weather, and then he leaned out through the glass room, at the town to the little garden, where the sere and yellow leaves came fluttering down, as if he blighted them.

Dull and sombre Mr. Dombey's house, and seemed to be in mourning like the memories of the family. The boots precisely attended to at nine, and dreary up to lunch time, forlorn in their cold, bare, and gloomy residence, as if they had but one idea among them, and that was a freeze. The book case, glazed and locked, reminded of Admiralties. Mr. Pitt, in bronze, on the top, with no trace of his celestial origin about him, guarded the unattainable treasures had an enclosed desire. A starry ray of sun, side scene, dug up from an ancient tomb, preached desolation and decay, as from some two pulpits; and the chimney glass, reflecting Mr Dombey and his pew, twist at one time, seemed brought with melancholy destruction.

The still and stark low-toned appeared to claim a truer relationship than anything else there in Mr. Dombey, with his buttoned coat, his white cravat, his heavy gold watch-chain, and his crushing boots on. Stiff, like their master, on the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Chick, his farthest relations, who were proceeded themselves.

"My dear Paul," Mrs. Chick murmured, as she entered him, "the beginning. I hope it was a joy to all hope?"

"Thank you Lucretia. And Dombey?" growled.

"How do you do, Mr. John?"

"How do you do, sir," said Chick.

He gave Mr. Dombey his hand, as if he feared it might elasticity him. Mr. Dombey took it as if it were a fish, or something, or some such clammy substance, and immediately returned it to him with a reserved politeness.

"Portage, London," said Mr. Dombey, slightly turning his head in his cravat, as if it were a socket, "you would have pondered a for?"

"Oh, my dear Paul, no," said Mrs. Chick, who had much ado to keep her teeth from chattering "not for him."

"Mr. John," said Mr. Dombey, "you are not capable of any child?"

Mr. John, who had already got both his hands in his pockets over the winds, and was on the very threshold of that same cautious chorus which had risen Mrs. Chick's so much offence on a former occasion, protested that he was presently comfortable.

He added in a low tone, "If Miss Florence could be sent for—where he was present beautifully stopped by Towlinson, who announced

Miss Tox!"

And entered that fair creature, with a blue nose and a very lively chill in a way of fluttering odds and ends, which was very much to her liking.

"How do you do, Miss Tox," said Mr. Dombey, putting out his hand in the coldest manner, and drawing it back again like an opening door, "quite charming, dear Miss Tox, how do you do? Will you be seated, pray?"

Miss Tox, quite flurried by receiving so much notice, sat down on the chair indicated by Mr. Dombey's outstretched hand, and looked at Paul.

"I look rather dead this morning, do I, dear Miss Tox, baldly," said the interlocutor. "My head is flown by literally inclares the evidence of my senses."

If Miss Tox could believe the evidence of one of her senses, it took a very cold one. That was quite clear. She seized an early opportunity of pronouncing the circulation in the tip of her nose by secretly chafing it with her pocket handkerchief, but, by its being rather inopportune, it should disagreeably attract the baby when she came to him it.

The baby soon appeared, carried in great glory by Richards, while Florence, in custody of that, natives young beautiful, Susan Nipper, brought up the rear. Though the stately nursery party were dressed by this time in lighter mourning than at first, there was enough in the appearance of the two grave children to make them more so brightest. The baby, too—it might have been Miss Tox's nose—looked larger. Decidedly, as it happened, yesterday Mr. Chick from the awkward fulfillment of a very honest purpose he had, which was, to make stock, of Florence, which child gave difficulty to the propriety display of a perfect Dombey (perhaps on account of leaving the honor to be united to a Dombey as if cold lead to Mr. Chick), and which really liked her, and showed that he liked her, and was afraid to show it in case that took place, who had cried, and his handsome stopped him short.

"Now, Florence, child!" said her aunt, helpfully, "what are you doing, dear? Show yourself to him. Engage his attention, my dear!"

The atmosphere became or might have become colder and colder, when Mr. Dombey stood rigidly watching his little daughter, who, clapping her hands, and standing on tiptoe before the throne of his vast cold love, lured him to bend down from his high estate, and look at her. Some honest act on Richards' may have aided the effort; but he did look down and hold his peace. As soon as her mistress her nurse, he followed her with his eyes; and when she perped out with a merry cry to him, he sprang up and crowned Susan's triumph by saying that she ran in upon him: and seeming to fondle her curls with his tiny hands, while she smothered him with kisses.

Was Mr. Dombey pleased to see this? He testified no pleasure by the relaxation of a sneer, but natured token or any kind or feeling were unusual to him. If any sunbeam stole into the room to light the children at their sport, it reached his face, too. He looked on so fondly and coldly, that the warm light vanished even from the laughing eyes of little Florence, who, at last, they happened to meet his.

It was a dull, gray, autumn day indeed, and in the nursery's peace and silence that took place. the leaves fell earnestly.

"Mr. John," said Mr. Dombey, returning to his watch, and assuming his hat and gloves "Take my sister, if you please my aunt Lucretia to Miss Tox's. You had better go first with Master Paul, Richards. Be very careful."

In Mr. Dombey's carriage, Dombey and Son. Miss Tox, Mrs. Chick, Richards and Florence. In a little carriage following it, Susan Nipper and the baby. Mr. Chick, dreams nothing out of the window, without reference, as a relief from the unwholesome confronting the large face of that gentlemen, and thinking whenever any thing rattled that he was getting up a pace as appropriate pecuniary complement for herself.

Once upon the road to church. Mr Dombey clapped his hands for the amusement of his son. By which instance of parental enthusiasm Miss Tox was enchanted. For enthusiasm of this incident, the carriage following it, found Susan Nipper and the nurse. Mr. Chicken nodding out of the window, without reference, as a relief from the unwholesome of